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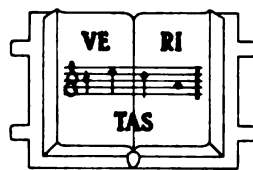
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# GITANJALI

(SONG-OFFERINGS)

POEMS BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

MUSIC BY JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER



Price, \$1.25 net

G. SCHIRMER

NEW YORK

BOSTON

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G. SCHIRMER  
NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43d ST.  
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC COMPANY

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## CREDO

I believe in the deep blue sky and the smiling water.  
I can see through the clouds of the sky and I am not afraid of the waves of the sea.  
I believe in the living friendship given by flowers and trees;—  
outwardly they die, but in the heart they live forever.  
Little paths through green woods I love, and the sound of leaves on the ground, or of a nut falling, or even of a breaking twig.  
I believe that the days to come already feel the wonder of the days that have passed, and will permit that wonder to endure and increase.  
I believe in and love my belief in, and my love for, all of these things; and most of all I believe in and love The Source of my belief and of my love.

*From the Chinese.*

**W**HEN I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance, I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

# "When I bring to you colour'd toys"

John Alden Carpenter

June-September, 1913

Animato (♩ = 144)

Voice

Piano

*f*

*mf*

*mf* *a tempo*

When I bring to you colour'd

*a tempo*

*rall.* *mf* *p*

toys, my child, \_\_\_\_\_ I un-der-stand why there is such a play of

*p*

col-our on clouds, \_\_\_\_\_ on wa - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ and why

*accelerando*

*p*

*poco rall.* *a tempo, mf*

flow'rs are paint-ed in tints: when I give colour'd toys to

*poco rall.* *a tempo mf*

*rall.* *a tempo*

you, \_\_\_\_\_ my child. \_\_\_\_\_

*rall.* *a tempo*

*Red.*



*mf a tempo*

When I sing to make you dance, I truly know why there is

*a tempo*

*rall.*



*f a tempo*

mu - sic in leaves. \_\_\_\_\_ and why waves send their cho - rus of

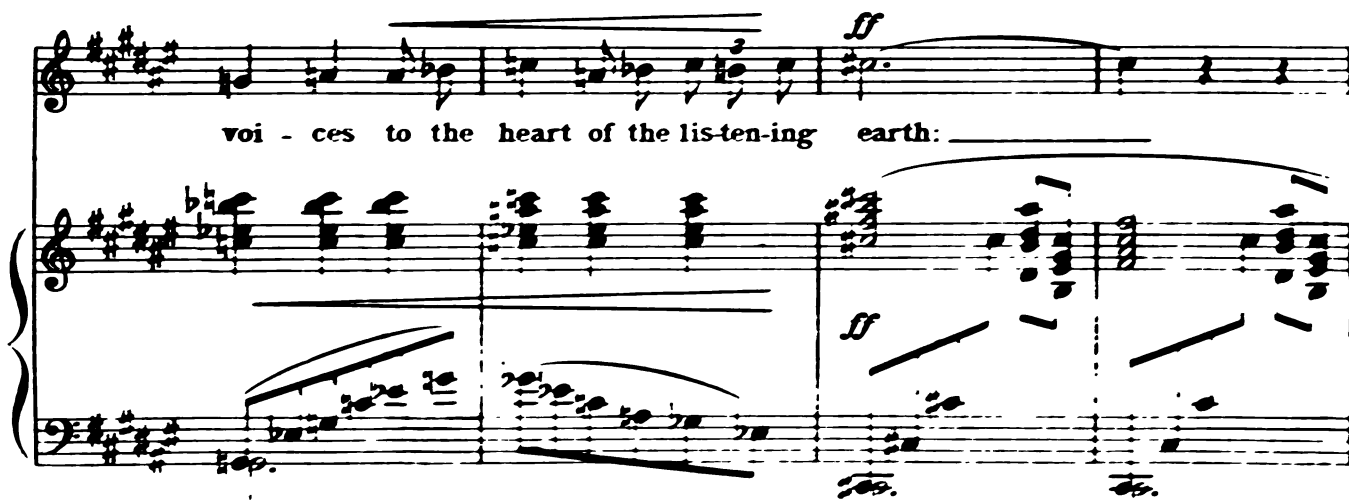
*simile*

*rall.* *a tempo* *legato*



*ff*

voi - ces to the heart of the lis - ten - ing earth: \_\_\_\_\_



*p*

col-our on clouds, \_\_\_\_\_ on wa - ter, \_\_\_\_\_ and why

*accelerando*

*p*

*poco rall.* *a tempo, mf*

flow'rs are paint-ed in tints: when I give colour'd toys to

*poco rall.* *a tempo mf*

*rall.* *a tempo*

you . \_\_\_\_\_ my child. \_\_\_\_\_

*rall.* *a tempo*

*Red.*

*mf a tempo*

When I sing to make you dance, I tru-ly know why there is

*a tempo*

*rall. mf*

*f a tempo*

mu - sic in leaves, \_\_\_\_\_ and why waves send their cho - rus of

*simile*

*rall. a tempo f legato*

*ff*

voi - ces to the heart of the lis-ten-ing earth: \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

*rall.*  
*p*

When I sing to make you dance. ———

*dim. e rall.* *p*

*p a tempo ma poco più lento*

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, ——— I

*a tempo ma poco più lento*

*poco rall.* *a tempo* *poco rall.* *3*

know why there is hon-ey in the cup of the flower and why fruits are secretly

*poco rall.* *a tempo* *poco rall.*

*a tempo* *p*

filled \_\_\_\_\_ with sweet juice: \_\_\_\_\_

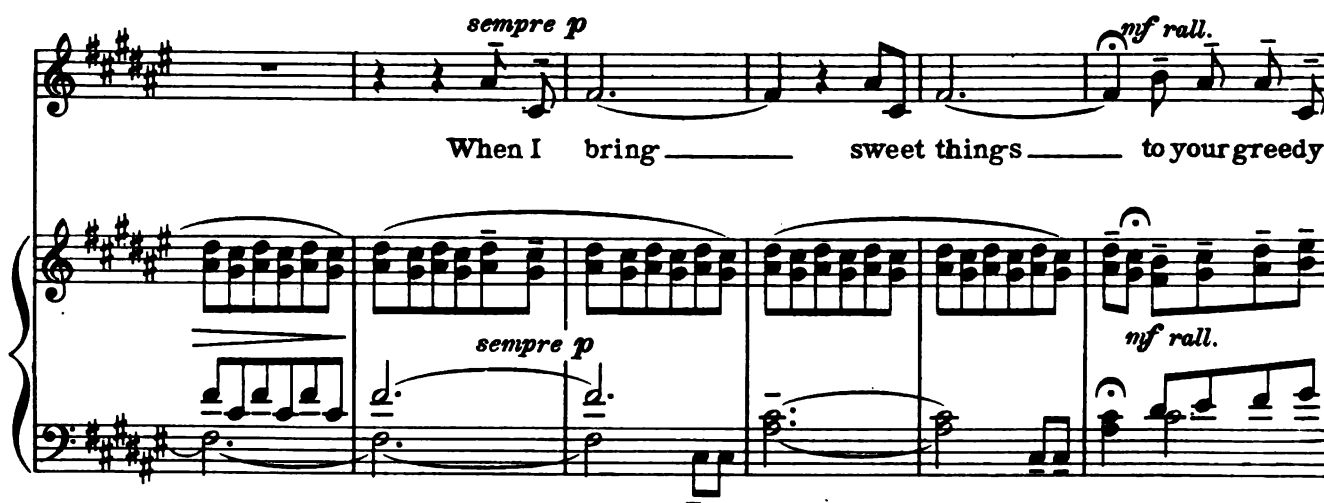
*a tempo* *p dolce*



*sempre p* *mf rall.*

When I bring \_\_\_\_\_ sweet things \_\_\_\_\_ to your greedy

*sempre p* *mf rall.*



*a tempo*

hands. \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo* *molto accelerando* *rall.* *pp*

*Red.* \*



**I**N the day when death will knock at thy door, what wilt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life;  
I will never let him go with empty hands.

All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and gleanings of my busy life, will I place before him at the close of my days when death will knock at my door.

# "On the day when death will knock at thy door"

John Alden Carpenter

Grave maestoso (♩ = 52) *f*

Voice

On the day when death will

Piano

*f*

knock at thy door, \_\_\_\_\_ what wilt \_\_\_\_\_ thou of-fer to him? \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

*mf* *nobilmente*

Oh, I will set \_\_\_\_\_ be-fore my guest the

*mf*

*8*



*f* full ves-sel of my life; *ff* I will nev - er let him



go — with empty hands.

*mf* *rall.*



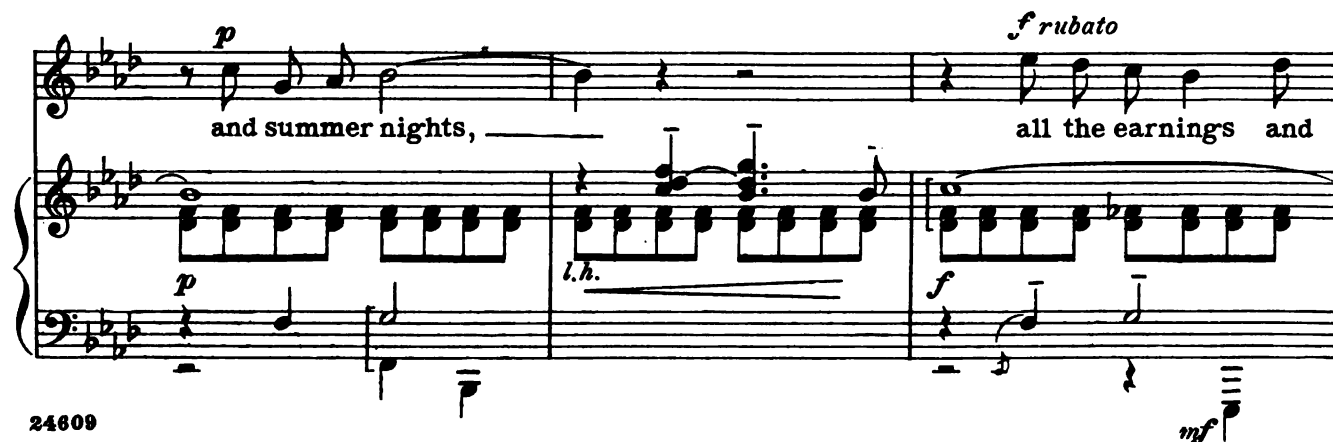
*Più mosso* (♩ = 69) *mf* *3*

All the sweet vin - tage of all my au - tumn days



*p* and summer nights, *f rubato* all the earnings and

*p* *l.h.* *f* *mf*



gleanings of my bus-y life, will I place before him at the close of my

*p simile*

days, — when death will knock at my door. —

*p* *f*

*p* *mf* *f*

Tempo 1º

*pp*

On the day when death will knock at thy door, —

*pp*

*mf* *p*

what wilt — thou of - fer to him? —

*mf* *p* *p*

61.

**T**HE sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know  
from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has  
its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the  
forest dimly lit with glow-worms, there hang two timid buds of  
enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

# "The Sleep that flits on Baby's Eyes"

John Alden Carpenter

Voice

Lento (♩ = 80)

Piano

*p*

*pp*

*mf*

The sleep that flits— on ba-by's eyes, does an-y-bod-y

*p*

*mf*

*pp* *ℳ* \*

*pp* *ℳ* \*

know— from where it comes?

*pp* *ℳ* \*

*pp* *ℳ* \*

*p* *ℳ* \*

(♩ = ♩) *p*

Yes, there is a ru-mour that it has its dwell-ing where, in the

*il basso sempre p*

fair - y vil - lage a - mong the shad - ows of the for - est

*p*

dim - ly lit with glow - worms, —

*p*

*pp*

*dolce* *mf* *p*

there hang two tim-id buds of en-chant-ment. From there

*l.h.* *mf* *p*

*pp* *pp* *pp*

it comes to kiss ba-by's eyes.

*poco rall.* *a tempo*

*ppp* *pp*

**I** AM like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my sun ever-glorious! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with thy light, and thus I count months and years separated from thee.

If this be thy wish and if this be thy play, then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colours, gild it with gold, float it on the wanton wind and spread it in varied wonders.

And again, when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in a smile of the white morning, in a coolness of purity transparent.



# "I am like a Remnant of a Cloud of Autumn"

John Alden Carpenter.

Grave (♩ = 63)

Voice

Piano

*ff* *mf* *simile* *p*

I am like a

rem-nant of a cloud of au-tumn use - less-ly roam-ing in the sky,

*simile*

O my sun ev-er - glo - ri - ous!

*ff* *p* *ff*

*p* Thy touch has not yet melt-ed my va-pour, making me one with thy light, \_\_\_\_\_

*p* *pp* *pp* *simile*

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melodic line with triplets and a long note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, with dynamics *p*, *pp*, *pp*, and *simile* indicated.

and thus I count months and years se-pa-ra-ted from thee.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody with triplets and a long note. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

*mf* If this be thy wish and if this be thy play,

*mf* *p*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a triplet. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes, with dynamics *mf* and *p* indicated.

then take this fleet-ing emp-ti-ness of mine, paint it with

*poco* *u* *3*

*poco* *a*

col-ours, gild it with gold, float it on the

*poco* *accel.* *3* *e* *cresc.* *ff*

*poco* *accel.* *e* *cresc.* *ff*

*Vivo* (♩ = 132)

*r. h.*

wan-ton winds, and spread it in va-ried won-

*molto rall.* *fff a tempo*

*molto rall.* *fff a tempo*

ders.

This system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a single note with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with many beamed sixteenth notes in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

*poco a poco dim.*

This system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand has long, sustained chords with a tremolo effect, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note pattern. The dynamics *poco a poco dim.* are written above the right hand.

Tempo I?  
*p Reritandc*  
And a-gain, when it shall be thy

*molto rall.* *ppp* *pp*

This system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "And a-gain, when it shall be thy". The piano accompaniment is marked *molto rall.* and features a series of chords in the right hand and a descending line in the left hand. Dynamics *ppp* and *pp* are indicated.

wish, — to end this play at night, I shall melt and van-ish a-way in the

*simile*

dark, or it may be in a smile — of the white morn-ing, — in a

*sempre p* *dolciss.*

cool-ness of pu-ri-ty trans-pa-rent. —

*p* *molto rall.* *p dolciss.* *molto rall.* *mf* *p*

**O**N the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

# "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds"

Andantino, con moto grazioso (♩ = 92)

John Alden Carpenter

Piano

*mf* *l.h.* *r.h.* *simile*  
*sempre legato*

*poco accel.* *a tempo* *rall.*

*p*  
On the sea - shore of end-less worlds

*p* *l.h.* *r.h.*

chil - dren meet.

*p* *l.h.* *r.h.*



The in-fin-ite sky is mo - tion - less o - ver -

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics 'The in-fin-ite sky is mo - tion - less o - ver -' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

head and the

*poco accel*

*l.h. r.h.*

This system contains measures 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'head and the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. In measure 7, there is a tempo change indicated by the marking '*poco accel*'. The right hand of the piano part is marked '*l.h.*' and the left hand is marked '*r.h.*'.

rest - less wa - - - ter is bois - - - ter-ous.

This system contains measures 9 through 12. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'rest - less wa - - - ter is bois - - - ter-ous.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) in measure 11.

*rall. e dim.*

This system contains measures 13 through 16. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'rest - less wa - - - ter is bois - - - ter-ous.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) in measure 13. The system ends with a tempo change indicated by the marking '*rall. e dim.*'.

*p*  
On the sea - shore — of end-less worlds the

*l. h.*  
*a tempo*  
*p*

*mf*  
chil - dren meet with shouts and danc - es.

*grazioso*  
*mf*

*molto rall.*  
*mf* *p*

(♩ = ♩)

*p*  
They build their hous - es with

sand and they play with emp-ty

*p*

shells. With wither'd leaves

*mf* *molto legato*

*u. h.*

they weave their boats and smil - ing-ly

*f* *rubato*

*cresc. e* *accel. f* *rubato*

float them on the vast deep.

*pp* *a tempo*

*Red.*

*p*

Chil - dren have their play \_\_\_\_\_ on the sea-shore of worlds. \_\_\_\_\_

*l.h. sempre pp* *rall.*

*mf recitando quasi ad lib.*

They know not how to swim, — they know not how to cast

*mf*

nets. \_\_\_\_\_ Pearl - fish-ers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their

ships, \_\_\_\_\_ while chil - dren \_\_\_\_\_ gather

*rall.* *rall.*

*p a tempo*

peb - bles and scatter them a - gain.

*mf*

*p a tempo*

*mf*

They seek not for hid - den trea - sures, — they

*leggiero*

know not how to cast nets. The

*rall.*

*Tempo I?*

sea surg - es up with

*poco* *a* *poco*

*l.h.* *poco* *a* *poco*

*mf* *r.h.*

*accelerando*

laugh - - ter, and -

*accelerando*

*crescendo*

pale gleams the smile of the

*crescendo*

*ff*

sea - - beach.

*Vivo*

*fff*

*ad.*

*molto rall.*



*a tempo*  
*f marcato*

Death - deal-ing waves sing - mean - ing-less bal-lads to the

*a tempo*  
*f marcato*

*molto più lento e legato*  
*pp dolce*

chil - - dren, e - ven like a moth - er while

*rall.*  
*pp molto più lento e legato*

*p*

rock - ing her ba - by's - cra - dle. The sea plays with

*p*

*più mosso*  
*rall.* *p*

chil-dren, and pale gleams the smile of the sea - beach.

*più mosso*  
*rall.* *p dolce*

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Tempo I?

*p*  
On the sea shore \_\_\_\_\_ of end - less worlds

chil - dren meet. \_\_\_\_\_

*accel.* *e*  
Tem - pest roams in the path - less sky,

*f* *accel.* *f*

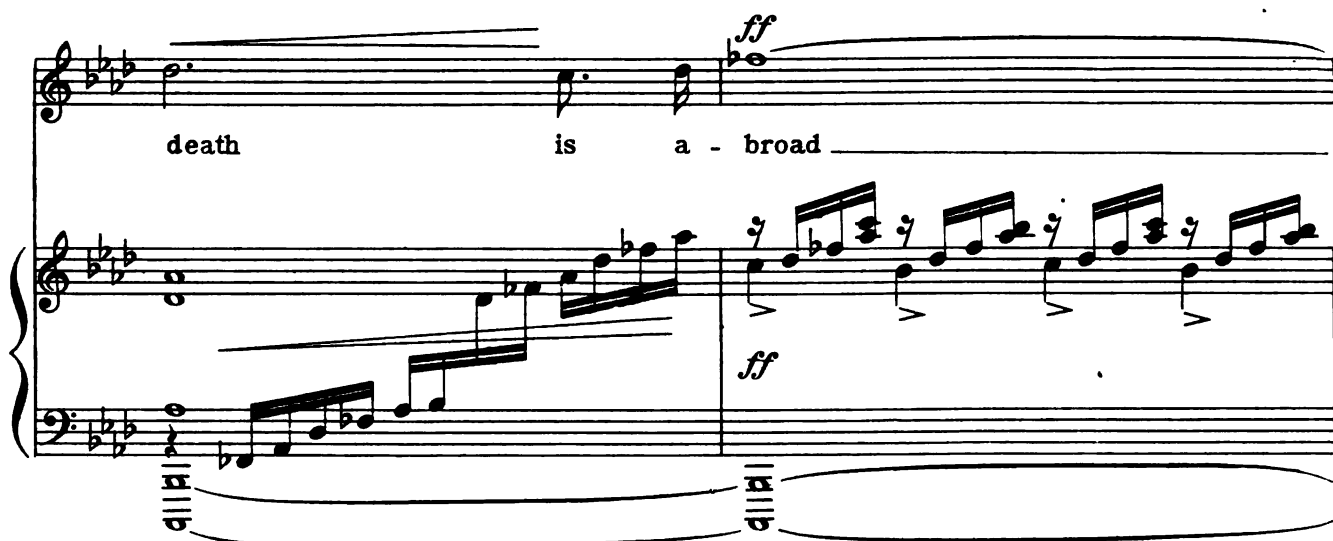
*cresc.*  
ships get wrecked in the track - less wa - ter,

*cresc.*



death is a - broad

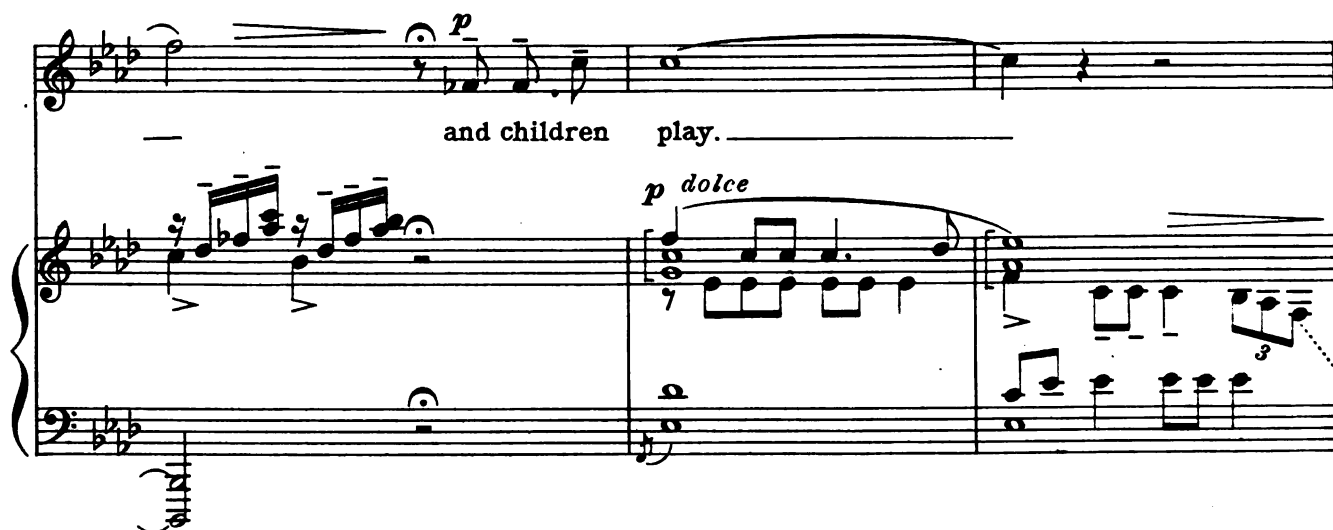
*ff*



and children play.

*p*

*p dolce*

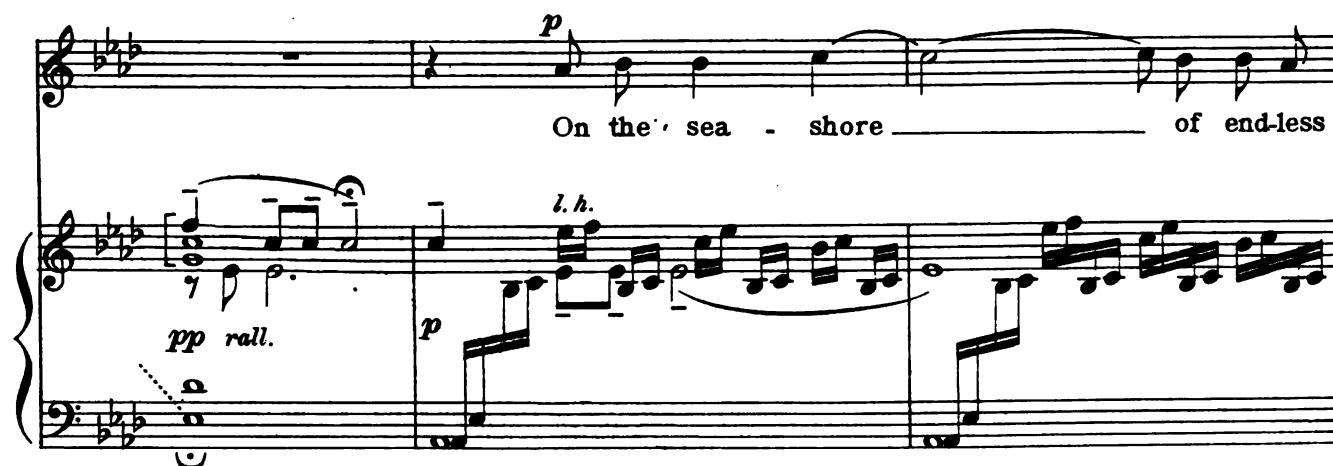


On the sea - shore of end-less

*p*

*pp rall.*

*l. h.*



worlds \_\_\_\_\_

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a long note on 'worlds' followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including triplets and slurs.

is the great meeting of chil - - - dren. \_\_\_\_\_

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a triplet of eighth notes followed by a half note, then a rest. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with a similar complex texture, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

rall. e dim. *pp*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a long note followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including triplets and slurs. The system concludes with the markings 'rall. e dim.' and 'pp' (pianissimo).

**L**IGHT, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing  
light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life;  
the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens,  
the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies  
and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling,  
and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness  
without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and  
the flood of joy is abroad.

# "Light, My Light"

John Alden Carpenter

Presto giocoso (♩ = 69)

Voice *f*

Light,

Piano *f marcato*

*ff* *mf*

my light,

*ff* *mf*

the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light,

*ff* *mf*

*espressivo* *dim.*

— heart-sweet-en - ing light! —

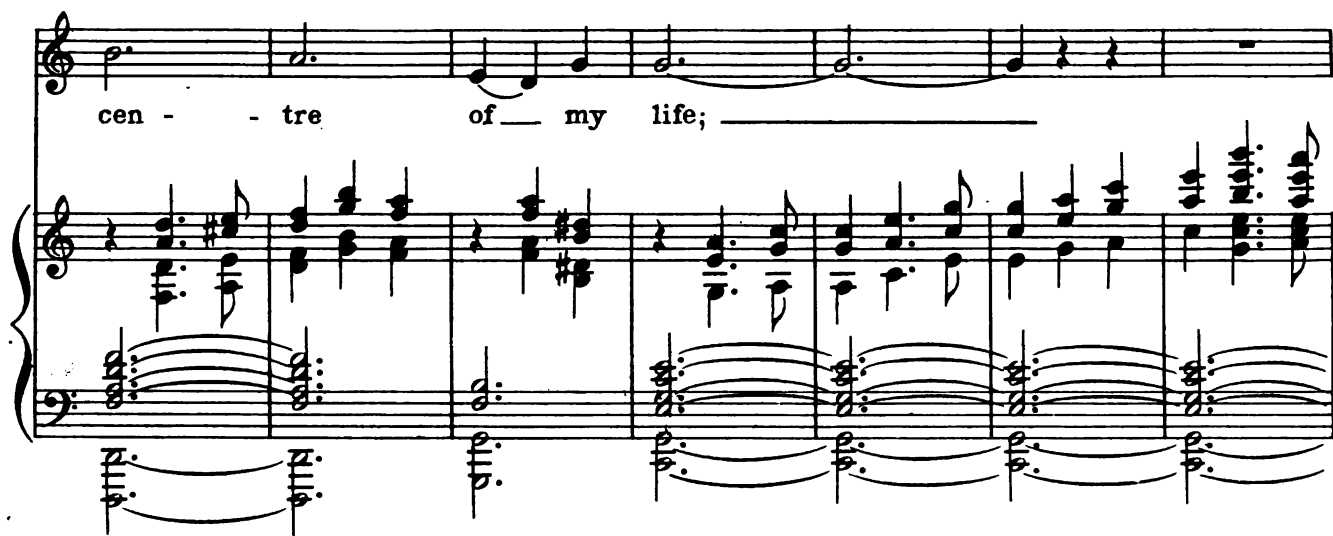
*dim.*

Ah! — the light dances, my

dar - - - ling, — at the

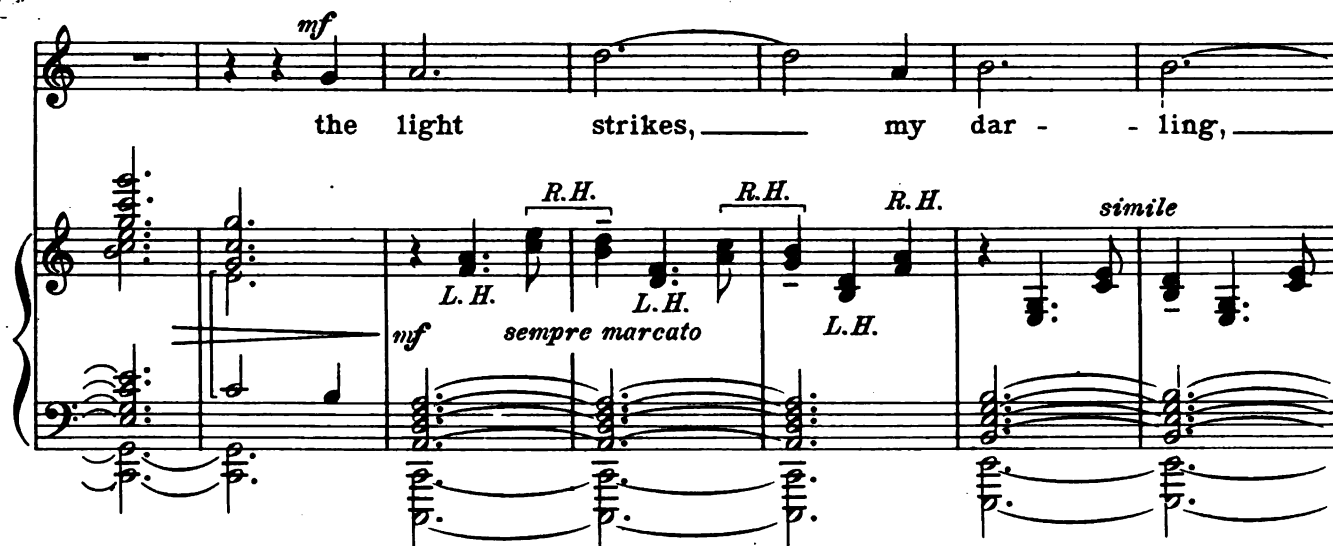
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cen - - tre of my life; \_\_\_\_\_



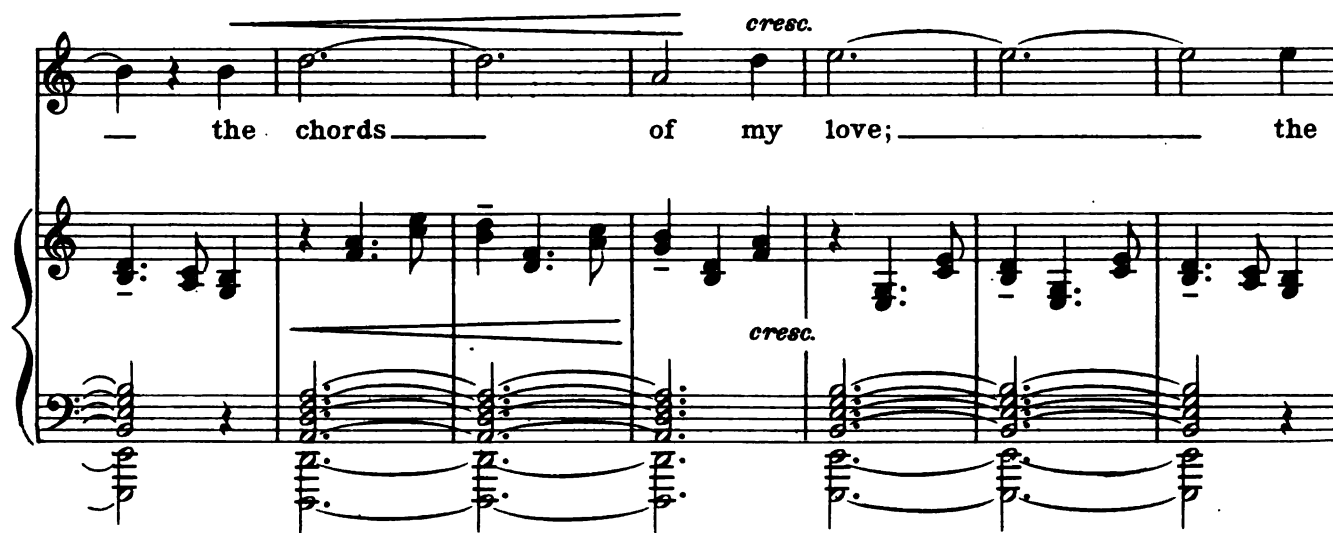
*mf* the light strikes, \_\_\_\_\_ my dar - - ling, \_\_\_\_\_

*R.H.* *L.H.* *mf* *sempre marcato* *R.H.* *L.H.* *simile*



\_\_\_\_\_ the chords \_\_\_\_\_ of my love; \_\_\_\_\_ the

*cresc.*



*ff*

sky \_\_\_\_\_ o - pens, the wind runs wild, \_\_\_\_\_

*l. h.* *r. h.*

*ff*

laugh - ter pass - es o - ver the earth. \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

\_\_\_\_\_ *p* The

*dim.* *molto rall.*

*dim.* *molto rall.*

Poco più lento (♩ = 152)

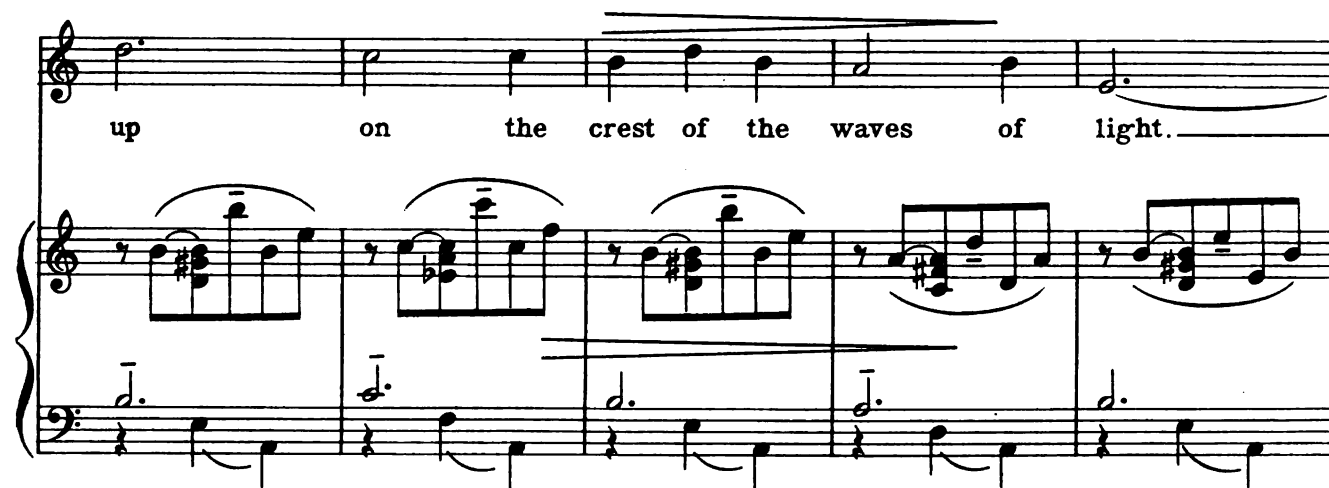
but - ter - flies — spread their sails — on the sea of light



Lil - ies and jas - mines surge



up on the crest of the waves of light.





*poco accelerando*

The light is shat-tered in-to gold on ev - 'ry

*poco accelerando*

*f* *molto dim.*

cloud, — my dar - ling, —

*f* *molto dim.*

*mf* *poco rall.* *f*

and it scat-ters gems in pro - fu - - - sion. —

*marcato*

*poco rall.*

Tempo I?

*f*

Mirth \_\_\_\_\_ spreads from

*poco rall.* *f a tempo*



leaf to leaf, my dar - ling, \_\_\_\_\_ and glad - ness with - out



*ff*

mea sure. \_\_\_\_\_ The heav - ens riv - er \_\_\_\_\_ has

*ff*




drowned its banks \_\_\_\_\_ and the flood \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ of joy \_\_\_\_\_ is a - broad \_\_\_\_\_

*ff* *poco rall.* *fff a tempo*

13.

 HE song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.  
I have spent my days in stringing and unstringing my  
instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly  
set; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.





# COMPOSITIONS BY

## John Alden Carpenter

### Eight Songs for a Medium Voice

A Cradle-song Poem by William Blake ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
Bid Me to Live (Dis-moi d'aimer). Poem by Robert Herrick. e. f.	
French version by M. Maeterlinck ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
Don't Ceäre. Poem by William Barnes. ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
Go, Lovely Rose. Poem by Edmund Waller ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
Little Fly. Poem by William Blake ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
Looking-glass River. Poem by Robert Louis Stevenson ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
The Cock Shall Crow. Ditty. Poem by Robert Louis Stevenson ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
The Green River. Poem by A. D. in "The Academy" ( <i>Medium</i> )	60

John Alden Carpenter discloses in these songs an individuality which has fused with wonderful unity the tender warmth and soulful naïveté of the German *Lied* and the spirituelle grace and delicate perception for harmonic subtleties that pervade the music of Debussy and his fellow-symbolists. And far below the play and contrast of these more apparent qualities, like "Alph, the sacred river," runs the deep and hidden current of Anglo-Saxon feeling, the legacy of ancestral sentience which permeates every song with a peculiarly sane and wholesome atmosphere.

These are songs which, above and beyond the charm of a consummate art, hold the appeal of that ideal truth which finds responsive hearers and grateful remembrance throughout the widening circle of their influence.



### Four Poems by Paul Verlaine

Chanson d'automne ( <i>Low</i> )	40
Le Ciel ( <i>High or Medium</i> )	60
Dansons la Gigue! ( <i>Medium</i> )	60
Il Pleure Dans Mon Cœur ( <i>Medium</i> )	60

From the wide range of Paul Verlaine's verse the composer has chosen for amplification in tone four characteristically differing numbers, all of them, however, having a subtle interconnection of mood. The *Chanson d'automne* with its sombre burden of gloom-wrapped fatality; *Le ciel*, which voices the melancholy of the prisoner to whom every sound brings remembrance of the freedom without his walls; *Dansons la gigue*, with its wonderful intimate union of tragedy and the rhythm of dancing feet; and *Il pleure dans mon cœur*, alive with a tender pessimism delicately pathetic, are all worked out in clearer or darker shades of grey. In each, Mr. Carpenter has found the true note,—the identical tone and nuance required,—and the masterly impressionism of his art makes his music the living expression of the poems.

New York: G. Schirmer

Boston: The Boston Music Co.







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**Printed  
in USA**

